The Rambunctious Archaeologist, Entrapta's New "Friend," and Catra's Revelation

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Sometime after they left Etheria, and began their galaxy-wide adventures, Glimmer, Bow, Adora, and Catra meet a woman who is full of energy, vigor, and spark. She is named Doctor Chelli Lona Aphra. While they are unsure about her, and skeptical of her motives, Entrapta is drawn to her like no one else. Both share a kinship which surprises her fellow crew members. Following this, she successfully pressures them to let Aphra join their trek across the stars as a crew member.

Notes

I came up with the idea for this fic on the fly, and I'm glad I did. Part of this fic is inspired by what I remember from the audio drama and how much Aphra LOVES to tinker with machines and my love for She-Ra series and Doctor Aphra, all mixed together in one! This fic is a wild crossover. I'm not even sure if its totally in-canon for the personalities of each character (I think it sort of is?), but that's okay. I had a lot of fun writing this. I know that some people may bristle at this fic too. That's totally fine. In fact, I've already written the next two parts of this series!

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update #1: This story can also be read on Wattpad, Webnovel, Quotev, Adult Fanfiction, and Squidge World. Also, this is post-canon for SPOP, but not for Doctor Aphra.

See the end of the work for more notes

It had been months since they had left Etheria, leaving behind the beautiful waterfalls, mermaids, and the ruins of an evil army. They had none of that when traveling through space. Bow and Glimmer had gotten closer, as had Catra and Adora. All the while, Entrapta continued to tinker with her machines. She had Emily and some other robots she'd created. That was enough for her. She wasn't always good with other people. She had *always* been bad with that.

Everything would change when they arrived in the city of Partelia on the planet of Acoslight. They landed their big grayish-colored ship on the outskirts. This would be, by all accounts, a quick mission: to get some parts to make ship repairs, then go on their merry way. One woman would stop all of that, complicating everything more than what anyone had intended.

Catra held Adora's hand, as they walked into town. Bow and Glimmer followed behind. They had learned to wear plain clothes and not attract attention to themselves. Entrapta cared little about this, as she rode atop Emily through the town, attracting more stares than anything else. Suddenly, an explosion rocked the ground. A figure went flying through the wall in front of them, as blaster fire whizzed past her. "You won't get me, you fucking nerf herders!"

As she tried to run away, she accidentally tripped on Entrapta's long prehensile hair. This wasn't the way she wanted to start her day, face down on the ground. Bounty hunters came out the hole in the broken wall, ready to take the woman away. She thought it was all lost, once *again*.

Just as she was ready to give up, Entrapta spoke up. "What has this woman done to you? Can't we settle this...nonviolently?" Some of the mercenaries, clearly some of the lowest scum in the galaxy, began laughing. *How* could she say something so ridiculous? They weren't sure. They believed that if they threatened her, she'd back down, and go away, allowing them to do what she wanted. That's how it always worked.

"Don't worry about it, missy," one of the men said. "Just hand her over to us. We will take care of her, don't worry." Another chuckled. "That damn *Doctor* blew up my ship. She's gotta pay."

Entrapta couldn't believe this. They were angry she had blown up a ship? Was that really a crime? And who cared! As a person with morally grey ideals, she didn't think these concerns were serious, or even mattered. Perhaps that was a bad ideal to have, in the view of some. She didn't care about other people's moral judgments of her.

"No, can do. She is coming with me. And you aren't going to stop us."

Glimmer tried to talk her down. "Entrapta, we shouldn't get involved in this...just let them do what they need to do." Bow nodded wearily. Catra and Adora didn't say anything one way or the other. They clung to each other, afraid about what would happen next, but ready to fight if necessary. Entrapta shook her head. She wasn't going to let them take this woman away.

As they drew their guns, one bounty hunter snarled. "If you won't come peacefully, we will take her by force! You can't stop us!" Before they could fire, Entrapta used her prehensile hair

to knock the guns out of their hands. She proceeded to slam the bounty hunters into the nearby buildings. Emily began to charge her power battery. Entrapta nodded. "Do it," she commanded.

A blast of energy emanated from her robot, obliterating the nearby structure in its entirety. The mercenaries, who usually were so tough, were completely terrified. They ran for their lives. "And don't come back!" she yelled. It was then that the woman, still face down on the ground, lost consciousness. Glimmer shook her head. Adora grumbled.

"I guess we got ourselves in yet *another* mess again," Catra remarked.

"But, hey, this time it isn't Adora's fault!," Bow added. Adora gave him the evil eye. She didn't like when he acted like *all* their problems were because of her. Surely, she had messed up some things, but she wasn't completely at fault this time… she thought. Catra somewhat agreed.

Some time later, the brown-eyed girl awakened. She wasn't wearing her stylish aviator cap, complete with goggles on top, which often sat on her head. She was lying down *somewhere*. She wasn't on the *Ark Angel*. This was somewhere different.

A woman with lilac-colored prehensile hair, the same one she had seen earlier, approached her. "You are finally up! You had quite a nasty fall there, Miss...what's your name?"

Not sure what to say, or *who* this woman was, she felt that proceeding cautiously was the best policy. She had to get *out* of there. Who knows what these people… would do to her! She *didn't* want to be trapped in this situation. Maybe it was this girl's rose eyes, or her calm expression, but she felt compelled to be truthful.

"I'm uh...Chelli Aphra, the *great* Doctor Aphra...you've probably heard of my exploits."

Entrapta shook her head. That name didn't ring any bells with her, none at all. She didn't care about that. She extended her hair into a shape that almost resembled an arm: "nice to meet you...Ms. Aphra...I'm Entrapta, a princess who *loves* to tinker with machines."

This intrigued her even more. What more could she ask for! She had been with so many women over the years, whether those who were academic dorks, Imperial officers, Mandalorians, and the like. *This woman cut the cake!*

The personal walls she'd put around herself so that she didn't get all "mushy" or anything crumbled into nothingness. She was so excited. No one she had ever been with loved to mess with machines as much as her. Maybe she would mess this up too, but she would try her best to make sure this relationship *lasted*.

"Really! Oh my. I'm no princess, but I *love* messing around with machines. Let me show you my beautiful ship, the *Ark Angel*. It's outfitted with all sorts of modifications which I did myself, of course...like my super-cool electro-tattoos."

Entrapta smiled. *Maybe* she had found someone she could connect with, even if this person wasn't what some called "robosexual." Looking at Aphra's right arm intently, she said, "those

tattoos are really cool…" Aphra wasn't sure what to say in response but to smile.

As for Entrapta, she knew that Aphra might be still woozy and unsure on her feet. So... she made an offer. She *hoped* that she'd accept it.

"I could...carry you there if you want...Miss…"

Aphra would *usually* say no. She was a strong, determined, independent woman. However, since she was still regaining her strength, she felt she couldn't refuse. It would be *SO* embarrassing if anyone she knew saw them like this. She *highly* doubted that would happen. After all, she was on such a remote planet.

"Uh...OK...but make sure your...uh...friends don't see us...I don't think they like me very much."

This was something Entrapta understood perfectly. She didn't want them to see her and Aphra together either. She guessed that Bow, Glimmer, and Adora, especially would make fun of her for it. She scooped up Aphra, in what anyone else would call a bridal (or princess) carry, and ran her through the ship, and down the ramp, like a blur.

None of the others on the ship even noticed, as they continued to talk away, engrossed in their conversation. Soon enough, with Aphra's directions, they arrived at the *Ark Angel*. Entrapta admired this majestic ship. It was nothing like the practical *Darla* that they traveled on.

Once inside, Aphra had recovered. Entrapta set her down. She refitted her stylish aviator cap, and goggles onto her head. She and Entrapta chattered the afternoon away, sitting inside the ship, until it started to get dark. She motioned Aphra to come back to the *Darla* with *her*.

Aphra reluctantly agreed, knowing that Bow, Glimmer, Catra, nor Adora (whose names she didn't know at the time), would *not* be happy to see her. She didn't like the possibility of confrontation with them. What if they wanted to turn her over the Imperials or something? She couldn't face Darth Vader again...that would be *super* bad news.

As they walked into the room, the other crew members were eating a meal. Aphra tried to break the ice. "Hey, how are you all doing! Me and *your pal* Entrapta had a *wonderful* time aboard my ship." Glimmer looked at her warily, as did Adora and Catra. Bow was unsure what to think, but he didn't see as a danger… at this point.

None of them said much, as they looked at their food. They were unsure if they should reveal anything in front of Aphra. Entrapta piped up.

"Ms. Aphra is *so cool*! She tinkers with technology, just like me...and her ship is all tricked out with all sorts of amazing stuff"

Bow was intrigued. He also liked messing with technology. In fact, that was how he and Entrapta had bonded, while all the other princesses thought she was weird.

"That’s nice," Bow said, while chowing down on a fruit. It looked like a mango but was called a jalapengo, a mix between a mango and jalapeno pepper. They had bought it at a

market on one of the planets they'd visited. Some people couldn't withstand the heat, like Adora (which he teased her about) but he didn't mind it.

Not much more happened during their meal together. Usually Catra, Adora, Bow, and Glimmer would be talking up a storm. *This time*, they wanted to finish as soon as possible and leave, unsure *what* to think of their new guest.

As everyone else left, Aphra sighed. Perhaps they hadn't liked her after all. She worried this might happen. Although she often declared she wanted to alone and didn't need anyone else, what she wanted was companionship, on *some level*.

Her off-and-on murderous robots, Triple Zero and Bee-Tee, were great for missions, but were *not* her friends. More times than not, they had double-crossed her, almost killed her, and the like. She had admitted sometimes that she was lonely, even with them around.

"Sorry, Entrapta. I'm not sure I can stay here. I think they dislike me. Maybe it's better to be by myself on the *Arch Angel* with my things."

While it didn't seem this way at first, Entrapta could understand how she felt. Surely she hadn't gone face-to-face with a Sith master who threw her out an airlock nor had her mind probed by a creature as a form of torture.

Even so, she had *her share* of traumatic experiences. At the same time, Aphra was much more outgoing and extroverted than Entrapta. She was introverted, a gregarious one at that. In some worlds, she would be described as autistic.

"That's OK, Miss. We can be alone...together. Why don't we talk in the privacy of my room?"

Something about Entrapta made Aphra feel safe and trusted. Even if she had known all the things Entrapta had done, like helping the head of an evil army build a portal to another world, she probably wouldn't have seen her any differently.

She had worked for the Galactic Empire for gosh sakes, stood by as people were tortured, and sometimes *killed* those who got in her way. And on top of all of that, she had ex-girlfriends out the wazoo.

She followed Entrapta back into her room. It was relatively unadorned, apart from her robots and some drawings from her former castle in Dryl. She had recovered some items from there after the war with the Horde had ended. She knew she couldn't go back because fighting during the conflict had trashed the place. She liked it *much* better here.

There was a bed in the center of the room, a massive one at that. It looked to be far too big for one person. It was what some would call a "queen-size" bed.

Entrapta had built it herself from some ruins of her former home, moving up from her small, economical, one-person bed in which she slept on in the castle. She had more space to work with here, so that called for bigger accommodations.

With few other chairs, Aphra wasn't sure where to sit. Yawning a bit, tired from their long day, Entrapta plopped down on her bed. "Here, lie next to me," she offered.

This was *not* the way that Aphra expected this would go. Perhaps it wasn't *that* unexpected, considering that this woman *carried* her to the *Ark Angel* that very morning. She was unsure how to respond. Should she give in and do what she said? Or should she leave?

Part of her wanted to leave, but *another part* wanted to stay. The latter part won out. She convinced herself that if she went out that door and back to her ship, she'd *never* meet a woman like her again, who loved to invent and tamper with technology, especially robots, above all else. She didn't want that all to go to waste. She didn't want it to slip away.

Aphra obliged with Entrapta's request. "What is it you want to talk about?" she asked.

"I wanted to thank you, Miss...I think we have this connection between us...more than I've had with anyone else, maybe even more what I have than with my *beloved* robots."

She wasn't sure whether she saw technology *exactly* the same way as this woman, but something continued to draw her in. Was her willpower weakening? Or did she want this closeness so badly? She wasn't sure if both or either of those were true, or if something else was going on instead. In any case, she wanted to stay there with her.

"I think so too...but I've done so many *bad* things before...double-crossing my friends...collaborating with a guy who tried kill me...and doing nothing to stop my friends from being tortured...do you *really* wanna to be friends with me?"

Entrapta laughed. None of that mattered to her. If everything really did crash and burn, she could always go back to paling around with her robots. *Something* about this woman pulled her in. She didn't want to let her go, not like she had done with other people before.

"Oh that's nothing, miss. I built robots that almost killed the princesses, and worked on a portal to another world which allowed an invasion fleet to enter my home world...and everyone almost died. Beyond that, I…"

She went on to explain all the things she had done. If there had been a list of her crimes, it would have included treason, hacking, trespassing, reckless endangerment, aiding and abetting, theft, and conspiracy. Maybe she was an "evil-doer" or an "anti-villainous scientist," but Aphra was a scientist too, which some would call a scientist in love.

Her list of crimes would be somewhat similar. There were a bit more severe, and included conspiracy, kidnapping, murder, piracy, theft, burglary, and bribery.

Each of them differed a little. Aphra's hobby involved collecting artifacts, building upon her technological expertise and historical knowledge, and enhanced by her wits, cunning nature, and marksmanship. She also wanted to avoid being captured or dying.

In contrast, Entrapta, had an intellect which some would classify as "genius," and loved making things, building and creating robots, and uncovering Eternia's mysteries. Even so,

they had enough in common to draw them together, even though their personalities were undoubtedly not the same, by *any* stretch.

Aphra was almost impressed by everything that Entrapta did. She regaled this woman with her wild adventures (in a short version) as they laid together. Suddenly, she felt a hand on her brown hair. Entrapta whispered, "do you wanna do it? With all your 'exploits,' you certainly *know* how to pleasure a woman, right?" It was a stab in the dark, and perhaps she was overreaching, but she decided to ask anyway.

This took Aphra aback. Seriously, this woman was coming onto her *strong*! Sure, Sana Starros had been like that, when they went to the university, but she was never going this fast! She felt such a rush. She *couldn't* hold back. She enthusiastically answered "YES!" Entrapta was hoping that she hadn't made a mistake.

They had a long and wild night together. Neither of them had ever felt so alive. The next morning came almost too quickly. As the light from the outside shown into the room, which had a window facing outside, Aphra stretched her arm.

She felt the warm arms of the woman next to her, wrapped around her body in a loving embrace. It *hadn't* been a dream after all. She had really done it the night before. She again questioned herself, wondering whether it had been the *right* thing to do, but she pushed that to the back of her mind. That wasn't a concern, at least not right now.

As she was about to get up, Entrapta grabbed her hand, pulling her back down to the bed. "Let's go into the kitchen together and tell them what *we* did last night." Aphra wasn't sure this was a good idea. Could *they* really be trusted? She didn't know. Again, something this woman did put her at ease.

"Fine, let's go," she said, begrudgingly, in response to Entrapta's declaration, which she *hoped* was only a joke. She was so embarrassed to admit to these strangers that she *did it* with a person she'd only been with for one day (actually less than a day). Would this go well? She didn't know, but she hoped so. Otherwise, it was time to bail.

When they arrived, Bow was talking loudly with Glimmer, Adora, and Catra about something, as he chomped on his his own artisan bread. "I heard some sounds last night...I don't know what they were...did anyone else hear anything?"

Glimmer nodded. "Yeah, I did too." She had been sleeping in the same bed as Bow. They didn't do that much together in the bedroom, apart from cuddling, for the most part.

Adora and Catra piped up as well, with Adora speaking first. "There was something about it that I couldn't put my finger on." "It sounded like a woman who was…" Catra began.

"Hey everyone! I have an announcement to make." Entrapta bellowed, cutting off Catra. She held Aphra's hand firmly, as her cheeks turned a crimson red. She wasn't sure about this, not at all! Maybe they could back out...

"Me and Miss… Chelli… we made love last night… it was so beautiful!"

This stunned Bow and Glimmer. They never expected that Entrapta would be so bold to do *that* with a woman she just met the day before! *What the hell was she thinking?*, Glimmer thought to herself.

Adora twirled her hair nervously. Catra looked bashfully at her. She nudged her and said quietly in a voice that only she could hear, "you have to tell them." The catgirl grumbled. She supposed that now was the time to reveal this to everyone, since people were being open… about things like this.

"Well...you know, me and Adora...we had sex once...already."

Bow wasn't surprised at all. What he didn't understand is *why* she was saying it now and fully expected they had done… the deed *more* than once.

Glimmer was different. Perhaps it was the environment she grew up in, but sex was something that you *only* did if you really, really loved one another, or after you tied the knot. Should she and Bow do it, then? Was she holding out on him or something?

He could see she was distressed. Although he wasn't exactly sure why, he could guess. He hoped his guess was right.

"Not everyone has sex. Some people do and some people don't. It's not like you are a bad person if you never *do it* during your life or if you don't *do it* with your partner. That's what my dads told me and I learned through talking with many people over the years."

That put Glimmer at ease. There was a lot more Bow could say about this, but what he said here was enough, at least for now. Even so, she wasn't sure they could trust this woman.

After what happened the day before, couldn't they get in *more trouble* by having her on board? It was hard to say. Despite all of that, she knew that telling Chelli to leave couldn't be her decision alone. Everyone, or mostly everyone, had to agree.

She moved the discussion to another topic. "So, by a show of hands, who wants Ms. Aphra to stay on this ship, with us?" Entrapta raised her hand enthusiastically. There was predictable silence from Glimmer, who refused to do the same. Similarly, Catra, looking out for her girlfriend, and skeptical of this new woman, didn't so so.

Although she *knew* that her girlfriend wouldn't be happy about this, she decided to raise her hand. Catra was partially shocked. "Babe, why?" Adora simply replied, "this girl is *exciting* and I kinda like it...that streak of adventure, dare-devilness, and all that."

With Catra and Glimmer still reeling from what their blond-haired friend had said, their vote was tied. Two had said Chelli should stay, while another two had not. They needed one person as a tie-breaking vote.

Again, aware that his partner could hold it against him, Bow raised his hand. "I think I could learn a *lot* from her about messing with technology...and it could help us in the long-run." While Bow's argument made sense, it disappointed Glimmer a little. She had hoped they would vote together, and be on the same side.

"Miss Aphra, you can stay," Glimmer declared, annoyed the vote hadn't gone her way. Entrapta cheered and kissed Chelli on the cheek. She turned this into a kiss on the mouth between them, which Chelli had initiated. She couldn't be happier. Glimmer wasn't sure what to make about this PDA. Catra ran over to Adora and squeezed her hand. "If you are going to stay, you can't have *her*!"

Chelli laughed. "Don't worry miss protective catgirl...if there's anyone I'd be interested in, it would be you, with your gorgeous fur, not your blond-haired chick."

While this made Catra speechless, Adora felt offended. Did this woman not have *any* interest in her? And *why* did she think Catra was better? She growled. Catra had to calm her down. "It's okay, babe. I *won't* let her do anything to me." This made Adora feel somewhat better, but she still felt on guard, at least a little.

That day's activity was led by Entrapta, who had insisted they stop on this very planet to get new parts in the first place. She proposed that they merge the *Arch Angel* and *Darla* together. While Aphra loved her ship, she respected Entrapta's expertise too, even if she didn't know as much about artifacts as her. After all, *she* was the archaeologist! But, perhaps, she would share *some* of her knowledge.

"OK, Apta. That's fine. Let's work together on it!" What followed was a lot of drilling, taking up parts, and moving stuff. They were helped by Bow, with his retrofitted tracker pad, and Apta's robots, who carried materials. A few days later, and after a *lot* of work, they finished putting the ships together. It was almost a work of art.

Chelli looked up it in awe. "Let's call it the *Darla Angel*!" Apta liked that name too and nodded approvingly. She then smooched Chelli's cheek and clung to her arm. She couldn't be happier. Glimmer shook her head in disbelief, while Bow was impressed at what they had accomplished. Catra wasn't sure what to think, nor was Adora. She actually liked the old ship a bit more. She didn’t want to share that view, at least not now.

What adventures remained ahead for Chelli, Apta, Adora, Bow, Catra, and Glimmer, no one could say, but it was about to get *a lot* more chaotic with the lesbian disaster archaeologist as part of their crew. There was no doubt about that.

End Notes

The city and planet names are totally made-up from the words "Party" and "Acolyte." The list of crimes comes from the pages for Entrapta and Aphra on the Villains Wiki, as do some other information about them. I included implied sex scenes, just like in the comic, where they don't directly show them having sex, but its pretty obvious that Aphra did have sex with people. The fact that Aphra had sex with Domina Tagge a few issues from the end was also a bit of an inspiration here. Maybe the scene are implied because they had to deal with Marvel Comics censors? I also started using "Chelli" rather than Aphra after Entrapta first uses that as her name, but not before, if you noticed (I did the same for using "Apta" after Chelli uses it for Entrapta in the story). As a further point remember that canonwise, Entrapta is bisexual, as stated in a previous Twitch video which featured Molly Ostertag and ND Stevenson, although I am leaning more into her attraction to women here, rather than men.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!